Includes Chiye, Chiyo*
Mrs Kashiwase

Project I.D. No.44

NAME: Kashiwase, Katsuchika DATE OF BIRTH: 1885 PLACE OF BIRTH: Tochigi
Age: 88 Sex: M Marital Status: M Education: _____

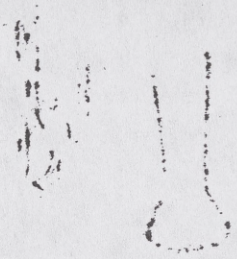
PRE-WAR:
Date of arrival in U.S.: 1906 Age: 21 M.S. S Port of entry: _____
Occupation/s: 1. Farmer 2. _____ 3. _____
Place of residence: 1. San Francisco, Ca. 2. Livingston, Ca. (Yamato Colony)
Religious affiliation: Christian Church
Community organizations/activities: Yamata Colony Association, Industrial Union

EVACUATION:
Name of assembly center: Merced
Name of relocation center: Amache, Colorado
Dispensation of property: Home - Leased Names of bank/s: _____
Jobs held in camp: 1. Janitor 2. _____
Jobs held outside of camp: _____
Left camp to go to: Livingston, California

POST-WAR:
Date returned to West Coast: Fall 1945
Address/es: 1. Yamato Colony, Livingston, Ca. 2. _____
3. _____
Religious affiliation: Christian Church
Activities: 1. _____ 2. _____ 3. _____
If deceased, date, place and age at time of death: Deceased

Name of interviewer: Heihachiro Takarabe Date: 11/28/73 Place: Livingston, Ca.
Translation: Taffeko Hernandez

* daughter & one of original Yamato colony founders
Historical development of colony.



NAME: Mr. Katsuchika Kashiwase

AGE: 88

YEAR OF BIRTH: 1885

BIRTHPLACE: Ashikaga, Tochigi Prefecture

WHAT YEAR CAME TO THE U.S.: 1906, 21 years old

MAJOR OCCUPATION: Farmer

RELOCATION CAMP: Amache

NAME: Mrs. Chiyo Okuye

AGE: 88

YEAR OF BIRTH: 1885

BIRTHPLACE: Hirosaki, Aomori Prefecture

WHAT YEAR CAME TO THE U.S.: 1906

MAJOR OCCUPATION: Housewife

RELOCATION CAMP: Amache

Interviewer: Heihachiro Takarabe
Interview Date: Nov. 28, 1973
Place of Interview: Livingston, California

Translator: Tayeko Hernandez
Typist:

NAME: MR. KASHIWASE

MRS. OKUYE

Q: Does this church in Livingston have some relation with the Yamato Colony?

*AK: Yes. In 1906 it started. There used to be the Nichibei Shinbun, (which doesn't exist anymore) whose president was Mr. Kotaro Abiko. He had planned to build an ideal Christian colony. In 1906, from the Nichibei kangyosha, a real estate company, he bought 3,000 acres of land, and shared it with those who wanted to. Thirteen families shared it, and they started the colony. For the more correct and precise information, Mr. Kazuo Masuda, who is a second generation around 65 years old, has the record of it.

**AO: I came to this country in 1906 or so, when the colony had just started, and stayed in Yugo. It was in 1920 when I got to this colony, so the information I have before 1920 is the information of what I have heard from other people.

Q: What is your name?

*AK: My name is Kashiwase, Katsuchika.

Q: What part of Japan did you come from?

*AK: I came from Ashikaga in Tochigi Prefecture.

Q: When were you born?

*AK: I was born in 1885, and I have just recently celebrated my 88-year-old birthday.

Q: Please tell me what you know. Well, in my church, there is a lady whose name is Hayashi.

*AK: Yes. She was a wife of Mr. Minejima, who was the first village headman of the colony.

Q: What is your name?

**AO: My name is Chiyo Okuye.

Q: Where were you born?

**AO: I was born at Hirosaki in Aomori Prefecture, but bred in Tokyo.

Q: Where were you born, Mrs. Kashiwase?

*AK: I was born at Kiryu in Gumma Prefecture, where it is very close to where my husband was born.

Q: Please tell me what you know about the Yamato Colony.

**AO: Well, it is hard to decide where to begin.

*AK: Mrs. Okuye's deceased father, Mr. Seinosuke Okuye kept a diary, so she must know more about the colony.

Q: Please tell me what he wrote in his diary, Mrs. Okuye.

**AO: He wrote about a lot of things, mainly about the colony and himself.

Q: Is 1906 the year when this Yamato Colony started?

**AO: Yes.

Q: Was Mr. Minejima the first village headman?

**AO: Yes.

Q: When did he die?

**AO: He died very young, before his eldest child was born.

According to my father's diary, he was sent to a hospital in San Francisco and died in 1908 or 1909.

*AK: He was from Chiba Prefecture.

Q: At that time, how many families had been living there?

*AK: At the beginning of the colony, there were 13 families.

**AO: The Naka's, Kishi's, Sato's, Minobe's, Hamaguchi's, Masuda's, Nobuchika's, Miyahara's, Okuda's, Maeda's, Tanji's, and Washizu's.

Q: Are all the members of these families still living?

**AO: Some of them were married and had their family, and some of them were single. Almost all of the pioneers have already died. The persons still living are only Mr. Minoru Kishi and Mr. Kazuo Masuda. Mr. Kazuo was the first baby born here. He is now over 60 years old.

Q: What kind of hardships did you experience in the Yamato Colony, Livingston?

*AK: Here, it used to be a wild, waste land, full of grasses, and the only power we could afford was from horses, or we had to work by our hands. We didn't have tractors at that time. It was an extraordinary hardship that we experienced. It was awfully hot in summer. It was also the time of depression, so we couldn't get much money from our products.

**AO: The houses were here, and there alone without electricity among tall, wild grasses seen in the desert. They were taller than human beings. When we visited our

neighbors at night, we took the paths which wild rabbits made, carrying a lamp. Since the grasses were taller than us, and it was dark, we often found ourselves back to our house instead of our friend's house.

We were all young and needed money, but it was almost impossible to find someone who would let us work, because they were all the same pioneers like us. Some in good health, like Mr. Tsuchiya, walked all the way to Fresno to pick grapes.

Q: How far is it from here to Fresno?

**AO: It is 70 miles, and further from there, they went to town and to country. Besides the difficulty of getting work, the weather was terribly hot. In summer, it was over 100°F degrees almost every day. Even the eggs of chickens laid in sand were cooked (hokubote-ni-naru) by the heat. This is a real story, though it is hard to believe.

Q: Mrs. Okuye, did you come to this country with your father?

**AO: No, I didn't. First, my father came here in 1907 to inspect the situations and circumstances of America. After the three-month inspection, he visited this area, decided to buy some piece of land here and paid some amount of money for it. There was a man named Mr. Naka already living here, who had been a teacher of an

agricultural school in Japan, so my father asked him to plant so-and-so called trees for some acres, and so-and-so for some, and paid for the seedlings before going back to Japan. Then he saw some ditches built for watering. This water was from the melted snow of Yosemite. He wanted to see its source in Yosemite. He asked Mr. Minejima to show the place to him, and went there with Mr. Minejima. My father was a devout Christian. Visiting the place, he was greatly impressed by it. In his diary, he wrote about his feelings in the following way:

"I was very much moved by the great work done by God. I am sure we will be all right by using this great water. I prayed to God all night long in a field at the back of the house where I was going to stay, and I asked God to show me what to do---". He decided to live here. Then, he went back to Japan to bring his family here. He took his wife, me, and my husband. He left my elder sister who had graduated from Doshisha Jogakko (Woman's School), because she was almost going to finish the schooling of being a kindergarten teacher at Shoen in Kobe. He adopted a daughter from a relative and took her with him, too.

Q: How old were you when you came here?

**AO: I was 21 years old then.

Q: When did you come here?

**AO: I came here in 1921.

Q: Mr. Kashiwase, when did you come here?

*AK: I got here in Livingston in 1920. As I mentioned before, I came to America in 1906 and had been in San Francisco for 15 years before I moved here. I thought it was good for my children's future, though I had no experience of farming.

Q: What was the first impression when you came here?

*AK: I had no experience nor knowledge about farming. Everything was new to me. But, as in an old saying, "Practice makes perfect." I did all my best. Though I was young enough not to hesitate doing anything, I am still amazed about what I have done.

Q: What were you before coming here?

*AK: I worked as a laundryman. I also made women's hats. At that time, feather hats were very popular. I made a lot of things using feathers--decorating hats, mufflers, and so on.

**AO: It is really something that each person entered quite a different world and did unknown and strange things. My father-in-law was a civil engineer of Ohkura Civil Engineering Company in Japan.

*AK: Mrs. Okuye's father was a famous independent missionary in Meiji era, whose name was Missionery Shinpei Homma.

**AO: My father-in-law was a person who guided my father into Christian life. So I met my husband through the relation between my father-in-law and my father, and my father always called him his father.

Q: Mr. Kashiwase, was it before you came here that the exclusionary movement against the Japanese people happened?

*AK: I bought some piece of land here in Livingston with Mr. Yamamoto in April, 1920. I saw a big sign saying "No more Japanese ordered here." They were put up where anyone coming from anywhere--from Turlock or from Fresno--could recognize the signs.

**AO: My father took a picture of it. It was written in huge letters. My husband often said that the condition of the rejection here in Livingston was better and soft, because it was said "No more Japanese." At some other places, it was said "No Japanese wanted here."

Q: When did it happen?

**AO: It happened in 1919 and 1920

Q: Did any confusion or uprisings occur because of the incident?

*AK: No. Nothing violent happened here. Because the Japanese people living here were Christian, they didn't like violence.

Q: Did Mr. Abiko possess this land?

*AK: Yes. He did under the name of Kangyo Real Estate Company.

Q: How many acres did he have?

*AK: I don't know the exact number. but I guess he had about 3,000 acres here.

Q: How were the days of the depression in the 30's, especially in 1932?

*AK: In the depression period, we couldn't sell what we grew. Here we mainly grew grapes, but we also grew peaches. The crop which we had taken a lot of pain since the the spring time couldn't be sold at all. I remember that I struck the grapes down off the vines when pruning. We had a very hard time then; but, those who had experienced the World War I here didn't suffer so much in the depression period, because they had earned a lot of money during the war period. Those who came here after the war like us had to struggle against hard living, because we invested all the money in the farms.

Q: So the people in Yamato Colony had some good times when they gained money, didn't they?

*AK: Yes, they did.

Q: When was it?

*AK: It was during the World War I, that times were good for the people here. Everything could be sold well for a

good price, and the Japanese people here also earned a lot of money by selling grapes they grew.

Q: How many people were living here when you came here in 1920?

**AO: Quite a few people were living here, though the roads were not as good as they are now, but it is hard to tell. The church had been already moved to the place where it is now. At first we attended the little old church at Mr. Kishi's farm. It was already full of people and active. This village has been distinct from the other Japanese colonies, because the villagers here were all Christian, while the people of the other places belonged to some other religions such as Seichi-no-ie and Buddhism. Once we happened to be unable to have a pastor unless we belonged to a certain denomination (of the church), so we used to gather in the church and pray that we might get a pastor. My father mainly led us and we prayed very hard. There was a Methodist Church of Americans in Merced, and those who came here earlier than us sent their children to the Sunday School of the church. They took the children on the wagon, which they used for carrying grapes. As the time passed and the children grew up, they got baptized at the Methodist Church, and the number of the children baptized at the Methodist's increased. We thought that it was wrong that the parents and their children belonged to different churches. We finally

decided to have our church here join the Methodist Church, the same as the children's. This church became Methodist. My father belonged to Kumiai Church and had been an old member of Reinanjakaku Church. I suppose he wanted to remain, belonging to Kumiai denomination, although he didn't express himself.

Q: When was it that the church became Methodist.

**AO: I guess it was around in 1923 or so, but I can't remember well. At the beginning, we started our church as a self-supporting one, without belonging to any denomination. We had called it "Nipponjin-Kiristo-Kyokai" (Japanese Christianity Association). It was after the period of Rev. Seno that the church became Methodist, so it was during the period of Rev. Fujii that we joined the Methodist denomination. Rev. Jiryu Fujii used to be a Buddhist priest before becoming a pastor, and he stayed here for eight years. He held a church service in this church in the morning, then in the afternoon he went to a church in Cortez, to hold a service there. My father used to go there with him. In the beginning of the colony we didn't have our church. We used to have a service in our own house by turns. My father was a person who couldn't live a day without a church, so he helped Mr. Fukushima who had already two sons at a theological school in Berkeley.

Mr. Fukushima used to be a (sub-pastor) of (Reinangakaku) church. He graduated the school at the age of 26 and was sent to Fresno. So my father became not only a member of his church in Fresno, but also an official of the church. In his diary he mentions that he often went to Fresno by train to attend a conference of the church and stayed one night over there. He also asked Reverend Fukushima to come over to Livingston. He opened a Sunday School at the house of Mr. Masuda, Mr. Naka, and some other places. Mr. Kishi, Mr. Minoru, Mary and Rose Naka used to be the pupils, so Mr. Fukushima was the first pastor we had in this colony. Then came Reverend Kodaira, who used to be a pastor of the (Kumiai) Church in Oakland. Since my father was a member of the (Kumiai) Church and knew a lot of pastors of the church, he asked Rev. Kodaira to come to Livingston. At that time quite a few young people were attending the service. One day Rev. Kodaira told them to be baptized, but they didn't know it. One of them said to him, "What is it? I smoke and drink. Am I still all right?" "It's O.K. come to church, and I'll baptize you." And he baptized them. Mr. Tsuchiya, who already died several years ago, used to say, "I would not stop smoking, because Rev. Kodaira certified my smoking. I have no responsibility of being

baptized, because he baptized me just because he wanted to do so."

A lot of young people used to visit my father at our house, for he helped them study in many ways though he was also experiencing a hard time in starting the colony, and every Sunday he had a service with them at our house.

Q: We are now having some students translate these tapes, so maybe we can translate the diary of your father.

**AO: It was written in an old fashioned Japanese, and really hard to read. Even for me, it is quite difficult. I have started translating it, skipping the parts mentioned more than once. There are so many things which I wish I could translate. Sometimes I skip the parts which I don't want my children to know. For example, my father lent Mr. Winton about two thousand dollars, but something bad happened and he became unable to return the money. He came to our house to beg my father to forgive him. He thought that he couldn't put this man into jail since he had done a lot of good things for the Japanese people. So, he cancelled his debt, even if he didn't have much money. The reason I skipped this story is that my children and the Wintons are good friends. My father was a head of Okura-Gumi Company in Japan. According to his diary, his monthly salary was three hundred yen. At that time (1800 cc) of rice cost three to five "sen" (100 sen=1 yen), so he was earning quite a lot of money. Mr. Kihachiro Okura,

the president of the company, considered him as his right-hand man and opposed my father's coming to America very much. He said to my father, "if you want to go abroad, why don't you go to Manchuria where I have a ranch." Then he replied, "I want to go to America because I like America. I'm not interested in Manchuria." That way, he had quite a lot of property in Japan, houses, land here and there, etc.

He was also interested in antiques and had collected a lot of swords, kakeji (hanging pictures on scrolls), etc. He used to pay the expenses here by selling these things.

Anyway, there was a bank called Nichibei Ginkoh (Japanese and American Bank) whose manager was Mr. Umetaro Mirabe. Since we Japanese couldn't speak English, almost all of the Japanese including those who went all the way to Oregon to work, put the money in the bank. One day two thousand yen, which was the money of some land he sold, was sent to him from Japan through the bank. (Two thousand yen at that time was worth over 200,000 dollars of the present money.) Unfortunately, the bank went bankrupt and he couldn't get a dollar from it.

By seeing an advertisement on papers, my father had already ordered some fence to Show Company to protect grapes from rabbits, since we had a lot of rabbits around

here then. They ate our grapes a lot.

Knowing that he couldn't get any money from the bank to pay the expense, he wrote a letter to the company to explain that he had ordered the fence for his 40 acre farm but that he became unable to pay the money because of the bankruptcy of the bank. He asked the company not to send the fence to him. Then he received a letter from the company saying, "We are sure that you could pay the expense some day. We are also sure that you are really in need of the fence for the rabbits. Please use the fence, since we would never press you for the return of the money. You can pay us back whenever you can." Whenever he talked about this story, he cried, showing me the net of the fence. He was very much impressed by the company which he had never seen before.

Q: When did it happen?

**AO: It was around 1909 or 1910 that the bankrupt happened. The family of the bank still lives here, so I don't want to tell this story to my children.

A: Maybe in the future in your grandchildren's days, they won't mind knowing it. As one of the events happened in this village it should be told, I guess.

**AO: I think you are right. The next bankrupt my father experienced happened there in Livingston in May 1926. I remember the year well, for

it was one year after my second son Samuel was born.

Q: The Japanese people were not allowed to buy land, I hear.

*AK: No, we weren't. So we bought the land as an incorporation. Our children shared 51% and we the Issei 49% of the corporation. This way, we were able to possess our land and start.

The Grace Farm Inc. was the name of the company that my family and some others incorporated in order to get the land.

Q: Was each company incorporated by one family?

*AK: Yes. Most of them were organized by each family.

I was given a work as a secretary in the company, but actually I didn't do any work. Mr. Karden in San Francisco used to help us a lot.

*AK: Mr. Karden and his partner Mr. Eliot advised us so that we could possess the land logally. They had a law office in SanFrancisco. They even observed our book whether it was kept properly. To me, they were my father. I have been to their office in San Francisco to ask about the book, when my husband died.

Q: When did your husband die?

**AO: He died in 1951.

Q: Did they help you all the time?

**AO: Yes. They have helped us for a long time. They came here all the way from San Francisco to check every book of each of the families.

Q: Did they have any relationship with Mr. Abiko?

*AK: No, I don't think so. But, I don't know.

Q: When Yamato Colony started, what did you grow mainly?

*AK: We grew mainly grapes; but before the vines grew old enough to bear fruit, we grew egg plants, the big American one.

I have a picture of the egg plants and watermelons planted in the sand which was taken then. My husband liked to take pictures a lot. I have a lot of pictures. I have a lot of pictures of the early days of Yamato Colony in my house. The people of Shimin-Kyokai (Association of Citizens) often came over to my house to borrow them so that they may use in the meetings. They zeroxed the pictures to keep them in the association.

Summer was the season of sweet potatoes. In those days we didn't have to fertilize the soil at all, and still we could grow anything. But in these 20 years, we have to fertilize the soil. Maybe the soil has been getting old, because we have grown the same thing year after year.

Q: Then came the days of grapes?

**AO: At present, we don't grow grapes. The grapes we grew at that time were not for wine like today, but for eating, and we used to put them in boxes and ship to Houston. It is already the time for the Nisei. When the World War II began, all the Japanese people living along the west coast were put in the relocation camps. After we returned from the camp, the new age for the Nisei started. The Nisei, our children, don't do troublesome works any more like we did. They have changed the kind of grapes into those for wine.

Q: In 1930's and 40's when exclutionary law against the Japanese people tightened up, how was the situation here in Livingston?

**AO: The exclusionary movement against us didn't occur so much around here, because here in Livingston we the Japanese people had started living earlier than any other people did. We can say that this town was pioneered and developed by Japanese. There were only a small amount of Americans living here when we started living here.

Q: Then did the Japanese people come into this town even the sign of "No more Japanese" was held up?

**AO: Yes, they did.

Q: Where were you at the time when Pearl Harbor was attacked by Japanese?

**AO: I was in Livingston. It happened to be on Sunday, and

we got together at the church and were busy cutting down branches of the trees in the church or sweeping the roof of the church, since it was a customary event for us to clean up the church once every fall. We were all in the church working. Women were busy cooking lunch. Then one young white man passed by the church. He slowed down his car and shouted to us, "Remember, Jap!" Mr. Hashimoto heard this and was surprised a lot. Before this, we had felt (from some articles on a newspaper) that something should happen between Japan and America.

Also when Rev. Kagawa, Rev. Kozaki, and a congressman, Mr. Tsunejiro Matsuyama came here as peace ambassadors from Japan just before the war, they stayed at my house and talked about the possibility of breaking out into war. When they were leaving, Rev. Kagawa encouraged us and said, "Believe in God. He would never treat us bad."

So we had been talking about the possible war and guessing that it would break out in the south part very far away from here.

Anyway, when we heard this insulting word from the white man, we couldn't understand what he meant. Then Mr. Hashimoto went back to his house to take

something, and heard the news of the breakout of the war from the radio which his child had forgotten to switch off. He ran back to the church and said to us, "The war has just begun! In Hawaii, they said!"
The next day was Monday, so children went to school. I was worried very much about how they would feel at school until they came back home from school. According to my children's report, the principal, Mr. Scott, got all his pupils together in an auditorium and gave a speech. He said, "It is sad that a war has broken out between Japan and America, but the Japanese boys and girls here have nothing to do with the war, so never have a hostile feeling toward them. Be good friends." Among the children's conversation, nothing about the war was talked. When the children were leaving by us, the principal saw them off at the gate of the school. Hearing this, I was so glad that I cried. I thought it very nice to live in a country of Christianity. Since then I could send my children to school without worry.
But the regulations toward the Japanese people were tightened up. For example, we were not allowed to go out at night, or those who didn't have citizenship must not go more than 5 miles, and if it was necessary to go farther, a report shold have been done beforehand.

One day my husband and I happened to have to go to see a lawyer in Fresno, so I went to a marshal to get the permission. He said to me, "I understand that you yourself have to go there by all means. Do you have a son who can drive?" I answered, "Yes, I do. One of my sons who is going to a high school can drive." Then he said to me, "Let him drive, and you disguise yourself as a sick lady. I am going to write a permission of your going out of the town to a doctor because of being sick. But remember that you have to go and come back in the daytime because I can't assure your safety when it is dark." So we went to Fresno and came back safe.

Nothing happened to the Japanese people here even after the breakout of the war. No violent movement toward us.

= Q: At that time in Yamato Colony in Livingston, did you have a village headman?

**AO: We had organized the Yamato Colony Association and had the president of the association. Mr. Takemura was the president at that time.

*AK: Mr. Kaji was the secretary and your husband, Mr. Okubo, Mr. Hideo Umeda, and I were officials of it.

Mr. Jiro Kishida and Mr. Noka were also the officials, I remember.

*AK: We dissolved the association when the war broke out.

the books of the record of this association were all burnt by Mr. Kaji. Before being put into the relocation camp, we were inspected everything that was related to Japan. Our mental state was excessively nervous. We burnt or buried all the magazines, books, letters, and so on.

To possess cooking knives for the dish of Sashimi (raw fish), Japanese swords in our house made us nervous, because some one said, "yesterday FBI came to next door to inspect the house. They found a Sashimi knife there. This may be the cause that the man was taken away by them."

One day when I came back home from church, I found my children burning a lot of things in the backyard. They were burning my father's books of Noh chants. I stopped them at once. I still keep those books which were half-burnt. Since they didn't read Japanese letters, they didn't know the value of the books. They also burnt all the record books that my father wrote when he was some official in the early days of Yamato Colony. I told them not to worry about those materials and that your father was the first person taken away by FBI if they wanted. Since my husband was elected the officials of all the clubs and associations except of the Women's Club, whether we had those books or not

woudn't change the situation.

Q: What did you do in the Yamato Colony Association?

*AK: The association here had the same function as the other association called Nihonjin-kai (the Japanese association). It had organized much earlier than those of the other places. This association handled the rest of the matters handled by our church, such as receiving the guests from Japan, contacting with the consulate of Japan in regard to immigrant and non-immigrant matters.

Q: How did you feel when you knew that they were going to relocate you?

**AO: We had already decided to settle here permanently, and everything we had done was for the living here permanently. Unlike the people in the other places who had one-year or two-year lease of farms, we owned our own farm.

Fortunately, we had organized an industrial union and employed a lawyer to leave him the management of our farms while we were away. We asked him to find some reliable people to farm the land.

Q: Was the lawyer good enough to manage the situation?

*AK: He kept accounts and came over to our place in Colorado to report the settlement of the accounts.

Q: What was his name:

**AO: His name was Mr. Monberg.

Q: Did you leave your houses and all the other things here?

*AK: Yes, we left everything here.
We were not allowed to take anything to the camp except some little things which we could carry in our hands. Since we leased our farms to reliable people, few things were gone when we returned, and the secretary of the union, whose name was Mrs. Austin, was too honest. She had been the secretary of our industrial union for a long time since it was organized. She didn't allow anyone to do wrong things. She did so good a job as a secretary that we keep paying her quite a sum of money every month even after she has retired.
Every spring, Nisei of the union go to her house to clean up her garden, since Issei is now too old.

Q: How old is she now?

*AK: She is nearly 80 years old, or maybe over 80.
She is very slender. The other day I said to my son Samuel, "I haven't seen her at the church these days. I wonder if she is still healthy." Then he said that he had seen her walking in the town, so she is still in good health. Nisei take care of her very well. She

lives alone, because she doesn't have any children and her husband died when we were in the camp. Is she a member of the Espiscopal church? Her elder brother, who was a carpenter, was the member. She is not a member of the Methodist Church.

Q: How many families joined the union at that time?

*AK: Quite a few families including white people were in the union; it was consisted mainly of the Japanese family.

Q: About a hundred families in it?

**AO: No, not so many. I can even name all the families now. In the early days of the colony, when we went shopping to town or ordered rice and soy sauce to San Francisco, we used to go to a depot to get the things. If you look at Nichibei Nenkan)Japanese American Yearbook) or Hokubei Nenkan (North American Yearbook) you can find about these things on the column of Livingston, Wilington and Tracy.

Anyway, we took a cart driven by two horses to the depot. Since the road at that time was not good, once the wheels were stuck into a deep scoop we couldn't move. In the summer time when it's hot, the heavy cart full of goods was too much for the horses to carry back home at one time, so we used to leave the cart of goods by the road to go back home. Next morning when we went to get the goods, the cart was still there and nothing was

gone. It was good old days.

Q: Where was the first place of your relocation camp?

*AK: It was Merced that we went first. The place used to be the Kyoshin Kai.

We stayed there quite a long time from May to September.

Q: How did you feel when you were put in that camp?

*AK: We were prepared for nothing less than that.

I saw some ladies crying.

Q: Did you have children then?

*AK: We had seven children then.

I had four.

This lady is a younger sister of my deceased wife.

I came here about 10 years ago. My husband died during the war. He was a head of defense force at Maebashi City in Gumma prefecture. He studied and compared the birthdays of the President Roosevelt and the Emperor. According to him, the birthday of Roosevelt was stronger than the Emperor's, therefore Japan is the country to lose. He continued to send letters about this to the headquarters until he died. My elder sister came to Japan after the war by boat. When she was leaving, she promised me to visit us by plane on the 88-year old birthday of my father. On the boat leaving for America she didn't like me to get off the boat even when a gong was ringing. She said to me, "Don't forget me. Remember me." That was the last time we

saw each other. She died when Mr. and Mr. Okuye was visiting Japan. Hearing that Mr. and Mrs. Okuye were leaving for Japan, my sister and her husband Mr. Kashiwase visited them and took a picture together.

A: When was it?

**AO: It was in 1961.

The worst experience we had in the relocation camp was that they drafted our children as soldiers while they relocated us in a camp. My son-in-law, who was going to the University of California, became also one of the soldiers. He was 24 years old then. Before relocated, the elder Nisei such as your son George and my son-in-law, had a meeting and discussed about the situation. They came to a conclusion that they would volunteer to be soldiers. They said to us, "Even if we might be killed, we should serve this country where we were born. They belonged to the 442 unit. My eldest son who was 20, said to me, "People maybe think that I am a fool, but I decided to volunteer." Then my husband said to him, "Going to the war is going to be killed;" but I said to my son, "Maybe I am wrong, but I agree to your going to the war. You might be killed, but I think it is your duty to fight for the country where your grandfather, your parents and yourself have received benefits." We talked about this all night long, and he

left. He went to France, Germany, and Africa to fight, but came back alive.

*AK: My son George went to New Delhi, India. He was in the headquarters.

**AO: My son-in-law was also in India. Then he went to the Philippines. He also went to Japan with General McArthur.

Q: In Merced, what kind of house did you live in?

*AK: It was a house remodeled from a stable.

**AO: The floor was made of boards, and full of chinks. Only cot-beds were put in the rooms. Like a rich country that America was, all the beds and blankets were brand new. We had some showers too. I worried about our children. We could get our meals when a bell rang. The children used to eat their meals with their friends and were busy playing with them. They seldom ate with their parents. Of course, there was no schooling for them. They were left uncontrolled. I was very much afraid of our children's being spoiled. They played gangs. The elder children played the boss and let the younger children do bad things. If they didn't, the boss bullied them. In the camp, we couldn't have families. The children could come back to their own beds to sleep when they wanted, because we didn't have any key to our rooms. They inspected every single thing of our possessions which we took there from our house. Since

I wanted to keep the Nichibei (Japanese American) papers, on those days when the war broke out, so I hid them among the English newspapers and put it at the very bottom of my things. They found the newspapers, but they said, "That's alright", and just took away a flash-light from me. They told me that they would return it some day, but they never did. I still keep the papers, and sometimes take a look at them.
In the village, I liked to listen to the radio. They announced the victories of Japan in many places.
At that time, policemen came around our houses every night to watch us. One night, we saw a light coming toward our house, so we put out the light of my house and watched the policeman through a window. We were busy putting away the stuff in the house to get ready to leave for the camp. We had two bicycles for my children to go to high school, and we also had put them away outside the house. From the window, we saw one policeman with a hat doing something on the bicycle. The next morning, my children found them gone. I said to the children, "Last night I saw two policemen getting your bicycles on a car. Maybe they were told to take them away from us so that we couldn't get out of this town."
My husband went to Merced to report this. We were ordered to report every single possession of our house.

They inquired into our antecedents, too. My husband had to go to Merced every day to report, so I was the only one to put the things away since he didn't allow our children absent from school. I contacted a hotel to ask if they could keep the rugs of my house. They said that they could and asked me to mark my name somewhere on the rugs so that they could identify it. I drew OKUYE in big letters on the back side of them, rolled them up, and had my son take them to the hotel by a car.

Q: When you were put in a camp in Merced, did you meet any other people there?

*AK: We've met the people from Merced and Stanislaus town, and some of our relatives from other places were also put in the same camp as ours. Then we moved to Colorado. The population of the relocation camp in Colorado was 7,500. Among them, 3,500 people were from West Los Angeles.

Q: Did anything happen in such a small place packed with 7,500 people?

*AK: Yes, various problems happened, but the camp where we stayed was relatively calm compared with the one in Tulelake. There were some who wrote the news of the victories of Japan on a paper and passed it among us. For us, it was the first time to experience such a thing.

To think of it now, the experience there were not so bad in the sense of not having to worry about food, clothing and shelter. We didn't have to work. We were given the things we needed. Good food was served, especially it was very good for those who had a lot of children. The blanket given to us were all new. There were a lot of experienced people who were expert in something, such as the teachers of Koto, shamisen, flower arrangement, dancing, wood carving, and so on, so it was the best chance for us to learn something.

**AO: I learned a lot of things from morning 'til night, such as sewing, English, knitting, crochet, and some others. I even attended night classes.
We didn't have so much housework, though we had to do some washing, but it was so nice to wash clothes, for we could use hot water anytime, so we had a lot of time to spare on attending classes.

*AK: I worked as a janitor and got paid $19.00 a month. It was the highest wages there, because we couldn't be paid no more than $19.00 per month.

**AO: I worked as a waitress at our own dining room, carrying tea and milk, setting tables, and so on.
My husband was elected a chief of police, but he got paid only $15.00 a month. The head of the American police department trusted him very much.

Q: Mrs. Okuye, what's the name of your husband?

**AO: His name was Kiyoshi Okuye.

Q: Being a police, wasn't he hated by the people?

**AO: No, because he wasn't such a character to be disliked by people. The trouble was that I sometimes had unexpected guests while husband was out working. They brought him some gifts for thanking for what he had done for them. Some said, "Mrs. Okuye, thanks to your husband, my husband wasn't sent to jail. This is a little thing of our gratitude." Since my husband never told me about his job, I didn't know about those things, so I used to tell them, "Thank you very much for coming over. Since I don't know anything about this, please let me just keep this until my husband comes back." I explained these things to my husband when he came back and he always took the gifts to the police station to share them with his colleagues.

Q: What kind of work did the police do in the camp?

**AO: They dealt with various problems, which were usually trifle. For example, they handled the problems between boys and girls, drunk men who caused some troubles to their neighbors, a lady attacked by young boys while her husband was taken to Montana by FBI, fights driven by jealousy, blackmails put in mailboxes, and some other problems. There was a very nice

head of the police department whose name was Mr. Tamorinson, and he trusted my husband very much, and when my husband took some case to him, he told my husband that the case might have been caused merely by jealousy and that he wanted my husband to handle it. He could seldom have a day-off, while the other people could have it once a week. So once he got one, he planned to practice some Noh chants since he liked them. Unfortunately it was usually disturbed by someone who needed him to handle another new problem. Anyway, this head of the police department thanked my husband for what he had done as a chief of police. He even saw us off at a train station when we returned home from the camp, and said to me, "Mrs. Okuye, please take care of your husband and I promise you that I will visit you in California some day. I owe him a great deal for not having had any serious troubles."

Q: What was the most serious problem that Mr. Okuye handled in the camp as a chief of police?

**AO: One of the most serious troubles happened in a recreation hall. In the camp, there stood six big buildings called Recreation Halls on either side of a road. Each hall had its name beginning alphabetically from A and we lived in one of the hall, making a so-called village.

In one hall, we were further divided into small groups. I lived in H-9 and Mr. Kashiwase was H-12. We were put into one of the rooms of the hall, couples and singles all together. This situation caused a lot of troubles. And it happened that some young boys put a girl in a recreation room which we didn't use so much, and stripped her naked. The other problem that happened in the camp was that a young man from Woodland became crazy because of the abnormal circumstances there, so my husband took him to a mental hospital near the camp with the head of police. In the hospital, my husband tried to let him enter a room, but the man refused it and wouldn't move at all. Finally the head, since he used to be a wrestler once, carried him under his arm and took him into the room. Another happening I remember was a big fight between a husband and his wife. There was a gentleman around 40 to 50 years old with a mustache staying in the room which was just in front of my room. He was a bachelor and seemed like very educated, and the mistress who was nearly 60 years old used to visit him frequently, while her husband was out working as a garbage man, covering her face with a scarf. Finally her husband found it out, and had a frightening fight with her in front of us.

My husband was ordered to settle the fight, but he didn't feel like doing. Anyway, the head of the police understood that it was a private matter, and my husband didn't have to touch the case. In the camp, we saw these kind of troubles happen very often because we were in absolutely abnormal circumstances, 7500 people being put into one place, it was very natural to experience these matters.

On Sunday, church service was held here and there in the hall, even though the circumstances wasn't normal, and we took off aprons and scarfs after the work in the kitchen, to go to the service with the Bible and hymn-book. Some shouted when we were going to the service, "What is the use of church service, being put into such an awful place!", but he was feigning innocence when we came back from the service. He never attended the service, and played Go in the recreation room.

After returning from the camp Mrs. Harada, the wife of a pastor, said to me, "It scares me sometimes when I imagine what would happen to the children if we were put in the camp for three more years." Then I replied, "No, three more years in the camp could have made us

adults crazy, I'm afraid," So you can imagine how the circumstances there were.

The good thing was that a lot of classes were opened for us to attend. Since we didn't have so much work to do and had alot of time, we could spend it for learning what we were interested in. I attended various classes, even two classes a t night. We didn't have to prepare our meals, and we just went to a dining room to eat when the bell rang. On the New Year's Day, they served a great dinner with rice cakes. Once a week, raw fish was served. We had ice-cream, milk, vegetables, soy-sauce, miso (bean paste), and so on as much as we liked. For babies, abundant milk was really good. So we sometimes talk about how nice it was to be lazy without doing any house work or hard work in the camp, and say, "I wish I could live a life in that easy condition again, except this time, I will decide the place." Before being put into the camp, it wasn't easy for us to go and see our friends often, because we had been living so far away. So, the camp made us able to see our friends every day, and we still talk like this, "Oh, I miss those days, knitting and chattering together." To think of it, it was not so bad. We were rather free to do anything. It was up to ourselves whether we attended the service or not. We had a lot of places to

play in the camp, if we didn't go to church service. There is a funny story of my son about going to church service. He was in the fourth grade then. One day, when I sent him to the service, he asked me for some money to buy ice-cream on his way back. I gave him five cents, but when he returned from the service, he said to me, "Mom, you have to give me two for the offer next Sunday. I lost the money for the offer, but I still had the money for ice-cream. So I bought ice-cream, but I couldn't make an offer to the church." And we laughed. One thing I learned about children from the service was that they were greatly influenced by their leader. There was a teacher of the Sunday School named Kiharu, and he was from Okinawa. He led the children so well that all the children including those who had never been to a Sunday School, attended the school every Sunday. He said to them, "Well, I'll tell you how bad a boy I was when I was a kid." He told them a story about his childhood. They were very interested what he told them. Some said to me, Oh! Mr. Kiharu was really a bad boy, worse than I!" The story made them very much attached to the teacher. Even on weekdays, the children used to visit him quite often. They really liked the teacher. One day, he missed to sign for the lunch and happened to be unable to have lunch on that day. The children heard the news, and they made sandwiches

in the dining room at lunch time to give him. Finally, he had to say, "Oh, no! I can't eat all these sandwiches. Too many!" He took care of them very well, and he took notes about each of them on a list-book, such as: "I didn't see Paul at the church last Sinday. Was anything wrong?" He hung it on the door of our room so that we could see it. I said to Paul, who is my younger son, "You didn't go to church last Sunday, did you?" He said, "Yes, I did." He couldn't continue the lie, though, because of the note of the teacher. So, it was very nice of him to check everybody whether he attended the service or not, even the child had his choice. That church had the most pastors of various denominations, such as Rev. Yamagawa, Wada, Yahiro, Kuroda, Haratani, Nakamura, Lester Suzuki, Mizutani, and so on. I remember that the brother of Pastor Lester Suzuki was a very interesting person. He was staying in the same room of the hospital where both of them had had operations of their eyes. Since he liked Naniwa-Bushi songs very much, he was playing the records of Naniwa-Bushi almost all the time there.

*AK: By the way, talking about pastors, the father of Rev. Koga in Watsonville, who was also a pastor before, is one of my old friends. We used to play baseball together in Seito-Seinen-Kai. He lived there for a long time.

**AO: I was invited to the wedding of Mr. Kashiwase's daughter, May, at the church at Parkview, and it was the first time for me to visit that church.

*QK: Reverand Takarabe, you are from Japan, aren't you?

***AT: Yes. I'm from Kagoshima. Mr. Hayashi is also from there.

**AO: Mrs. Kazuko Hayashi and an elder sister of my husband were good friends, and used to write letters often. She went through many hardships here. As a wife of Mr. Minejima, who was the first village headman and worked very hard to start the colony, she supported her husband very well. It was unfortunate that he died very young when their first child was on the way. He left a word with her that the expecting baby should be named Ryuzo. I don't know where this name comes from.

***AT: Mr. Minejima respected a botanist named Luther Burbank, who was an authority of improving plants. Their baby was named for this botanist, Luther. Isn't the sound of Ryuzo similar to that of Luther?

**AO: Now I see. The house where Mr. Minejima lived still remains next to Mr. Tsuchiya's. The trees around the house were cut down and looks brighter than before.

***AT: This Ryuzo died young when he was 21 or 22 years old. It is said that he died of overworking himself, because he had to work very hard as the eldest son of his many

brothers and sisters since his mother had a lot of children between her new husband, Mr. Hayashi and her. He had to support them.

Q: When did you come back here from the camp?

*AK: We came back here in the fall of 1945, but it was next spring that we were able to get in our own house. Before we went to the camp, we put out our houses to lease, so we were obliged to live in our church together. It was a former old church, and not the present one here. We had to wait until the lease was over.

**AO: I pitched a tent in the church and lived in it.

Q: Were the houses kept in a good condition?

*AK: Yes. They kept my house quite well and things we had left in the house were not lost.

**AO: In my house, nothing was left at all. Just nothing. They stole everything including light bulbs and plates from my house. It was only one bulb for one room that was left for my family.

*QK: What family lived in your house?

**AO: The Mesa family.

*AK: I see. They seemed like they didn't feel guilty about stealing.

**AO: No, they didn't. It turned out that my house was in the worst condition in the village. Just before going to the camp, the man named Brown followed at my heels

all the time, asking me, "Give me the key of your house. I'll watch every single thing in your house while you are gone." I had been refusing it since he was not a person that we could trust. But, my husband finally gave him the key. My family had a lot of furniture and other farm implements in my house. There was a union building where they would keep our belongings, so we took our stuff there as much as possible with a big mark of number 3, which was the mark of my family, on each thing. We tried our best to carry everything into the building. Every day we carried a truckful of furniture into the place. My son also helped us a lot after school. But, we couldn't carry all the things in my house. One day, Mr, Brown came over again and suggested us to carry the rest of the things into one of the rooms and lock it so that they would be safe. We thought it a brilliant idea and did what he said. We put a dining table, chairs, and a lot of other things in one room and left the house. Everyone except Mr. Nakashima, who had to postpone leaving the next day due to sickness in his family, left the village by bus one morning at 10 o'clock. The next day, Mr. Nakashima said to me in the camp, "Mrs. Okuye, you got here yesterday morning, didn't you?" Then he made a strange face and said, "I can't understand. Last night

your house was lighted so bright all night long." I guess that was the time they stole the things in my house. They stole absolutely everything.

Q: How about the things you left in the union building? Were they all safe?

**AO: Yes, they were, except a sewing machine. Since my father and husband liked books very much and possessed a lot of books, he selected valuable books among many to have them kept in the building. Those books were all safe. I'm afraid they weren't interested in books, especially those written in Japanese. The lucky thing was that we happened to make a mistake and write "Books inside", on the box which we actually put some Chinese dresses. So, these dresses were also safe. My sister told me, "Oh, we should have written "The Bible" on all the boxes. I'm sure they were not interested in it." We laughed. We also had a lot of Japanese swords. They were all in good quality, and an appraiser was amazed at their high quality, and recommended us to keep them with a lot of care. We entrusted them, totally five or six swords, to the government at Merced. Since I couldn't go there for myself, I sent a person for me to take them there. He told me that a lot of people were very interested in them, and wanted to get them.

Q: Did you sell them?

**AO: No, we didn't. But it was a long time before we got

them back. One day in the next spring of our returning from camp, we received a letter from the government in Los Angeles. It told us to come over to Los Angeles to get our swords. We went all the way to Los Angeles to get them back, and we also met a lot of people who wanted them. Anyway, everything was gone from my house, and the only person we gave the key of the house was Mr. Brown. So, it is possible that he might have gotten them to sell. They say that two families lived in my house, since it was big, one family upstairs and another downstairs.

Q: How about the tractors?

**AO: We had two of them. We left one to the shop where we bought it, and it was safe. But, the other tractor was gone, including a lot of attachments. We couldn't find them anywhere. They might think that we, the Japanese people, could never return here. In the camp, a club called "Blue-Star Mother's Club" was organized. They have done good turns for mainly the Nisei (second generation) Japanese soldiers, who were away. When some of them were coming back to the camp for holidays, they asked us how many soldiers we were expecting. They gave us the best beef and a lot of vegetables to cook for them. They had been really nice to us. But, once the war was over and a lot of soldiers came back to the camp, the club changed its attitude and stopped its services. It happened that

the soldier named Kuramoto, who was from Washington, went to the club to ask for some stuff, and was told that we wouldn't get anything from the club any longer since the war was over, and that we should have bought it for ourselves.

To think of the experiences in the camp, it was not so bad as I had expected before. Before going there, someone said to me, crying, "Mrs. Okuye, it is said that they will take all the Japanese people to some place in Colorado, put us into one cell, and kill us all." Not long after we got in the camp, a nun sent from the Red Cross Society for the information about me. I had to tell her a lot of things about myself. One funny thing was that I had to report that I was working as a waitress which is supposed to be a barmaid in Japan. I'm sure it seemed very odd to him to know that I was doing a waitress job in spite of my age. Imagining about how he would feel, I laughed and laughed. By the way, we received a various amount of things from the Red Cross Society of Japan, such as soy sauce, green tea, and miso (bean paste). I thought it was very nice of them to send us a lot of nice things in spite of them suffering from shortage.

Another nice memory is that on Christmas the white people of the churches near our camp gave us a lot of toys and other things as Christmas gifts.

*AK: In return, we sent a lot of goods to Japan after coming back from the camp, clothes, food, shoes, and so on. They were sent to Japan by the LALA. Among the goods sent by the LALA, quite a lot of things were from the Japanese People.

**AO: I felt so depressed when Japan lost the war because I didn't think about it. It was the saddest feeling I've ever had in my life. I still remember how sad I was when I heard the news about the speech of the Japanese Emperor.

Q: Were you still in the camp at the moment?

**AO: Yes, we were. We were so depressed, and sad that we couldn't say anything to one another. We didn't feel like having lunch, and a lot of food was left untouched. The next thing we began to worry was what would happen to us, because we hadn't had our citizenship yet. It was rather recently that we got it. In the 1950's, after my husband died, we got the citizenship. We were not allowed to speak Japanese to take the examination for it, and we studied very hard every night.

Q: Did anything happen in the village after you returned from the camp?

**AO: Yes. Those who came back here earlier than us were fired into their houses by some Mexicans. They came here from Oklahoma during our absence to get jobs, and were afraid that they might lose their jobs when we returned here.

We also had to experience a hard time after the war to get the village back to what it had been before. We lost our farm implements, and we couldn't find them at the store because of the postwar situation. Some of them had already sold their farms before leaving for the camp, because we were not sure what would happen to us. We were kept in the camp for four years, from May 1942 to November 1945.

Q: How was the condition of the farms?

*AK: My farm was kept well, for the people who took care of it were earnest.

**AO: We had some young trees of grapes and peaches in my farm, and they were too young to bear fruit. So, the people of my farm pulled all these trees out and grew corn and sweet-potatoes instead which produce the crop fast. My son had to plant young trees of peaches and grapes again, and it was a hard work indeed.

Q: Did you get buyers of your crops easily at that moment?

**AO: Yes. We could sell our crops well, because the good time still continued for a while. That's why we could afford the goods to send to Japan. We used to send alot of things to our relatives in Japan. It seemed to me that getting the things and sending them to Japan was my job. They were so glad to receive the goods from us, and wrote to us what they needed, such as sugar, candy, shoes, baseball mitts and so on. They even sent me the actual

print of their feet so that I could see the size. The thing they ordered us most was sugar.

Q: When was your husband born?

**AO: He was born in 1894 (Meiji 26), and died when he was 57 years old.

Q: How about your father? He should be 100 years old this year if he was still alive.

**AO: My father-in-law was 84 years old when he died. Every Sunday morning in the early days of the colony, my father used to get on a horse and visit each house of this village to invite them to the church service. There was a man named Mr. Yamamoto who didn't like the service so much, and when he heard the noises of my father coming to his house, he ordered his wife to stay in their house and he himself used to sneak out of his house from a back door to his back yard to get away from the service. I heard that there were a lot of people like Mr. Yamamoto who didn't want to attend the church service.

Since my father liked Noh chants, very much, the tone of his reading the Bible or singing hymns sounded like the tone of a Noh chant. Sometimes he chose a hymn that we were not familiar with, and I told him that we didn't know the song well. His answer was always, "Follow me.", and he sang it with the same Noh chant tone.

In Japan, my father engaged in public works. In order to get work, he had to have alot of workers all

the time. If it rained, they didn't work, but had to stay in his company; so my father asked a very good teacher from Kyoto to come to his place to teach them a Noh chant so that they wouldn't go out drinking because of being bored. He let them learn the chant even if they didn't like it. Consequently he learned it too. He even obtained a diploma of it. In my house, we have a lot of scrolls of Yubi and Hekiryu, and I sometimes wonder what will happen to them after I, who is the only person in my family that can read Japanese, die. Once I said to my children, "If anybody says that he wants the swords in my family, let's give them to him." They said, "No, no. Please keep them in my family." So, it seems that they are interested in the swords. Especially one of them is the work of Bizen Osafune, a very famous swordsmith, and according to the appraiser, this sword was used in the Battle of Toba and Fushimi, and has slashed people. He said that the mark of blood on the blade would never disappear. He took some tissue paper in his mouth when he judged them. It is said that this is the way to properly look at the blades of the sword.

This Thanksgiving's Day, I was away from home, to visit my son, and a thief broke into my house. My second son found it and said to me, "Mom, it looks like Mr.

Thief visited our house." The glass of a front window was broken and its small pieces were scattered around the porch. Also some clay of the wall was down on the floor. We reported this burglary to the sheriff at once, and they came over to investigate. I was afraid that it was dangerous if the sword was stolen, but they were all safe.

Q: Would you please show me the diary of your father? If possible, I would like you to transcribe it, because I'm afraid I can't make it out.

**AO: Asked by my children to make the diary understandable for them, I have translated the main happenings written in it into my poor English on one notebook.
Mr. Kazuo Masuda wrote a book of the history here. He often borrowed the diary of my father to write it. He is the first child born in this village, and can understand both Japanese and English.

Q: How old is he now?

**AO: He is about 61 or 62 years old.

Q: Would you mind if we copy the diary by zerox?

**AO: Of course I wouldn't mind at all. It's my earnest wish to leave some kind of record of us. One day my father tried to tell me all the personal history of his, but it was too long for me to remember all. So, I asked him to write it down, and he did. There was a man from Japan

who engaged in an orphanage there. He wanted to publish a book based on what my father wrote, and he gave it to him. It was after his death that the book was published. The man sent us the book. It is a story of my father as a central figure. My children want it to be translated into English so that they can know what their grandfather did. So, I'm now looking for someone who would translate this. My eldest daughter can do translation if I read the story for her, since she studied literature a lot. Unfortunately, she lives in Washington, D.C., which is too far away from me.

Q: Would you show it to me now?

**AO: Yes. But the bad thing about the diary is that its central figure was himself. Mr. Kazuo Masuda is the person who keeps a lot of materials of the colony. Being the first-born Nisei (second generation), he thinks keeping the materials is his duty. I wish we had kept the books of the history of this colony. We burnt them all.

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*Mr. Kashiwase
**Mrs. Okuye